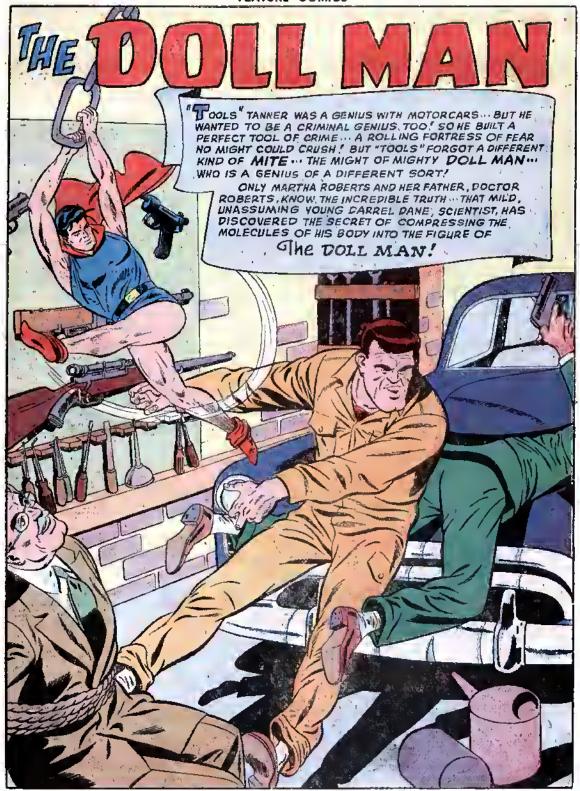








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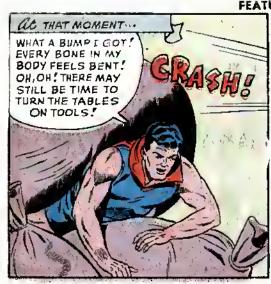


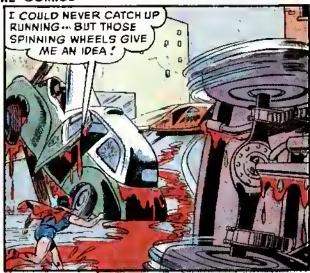




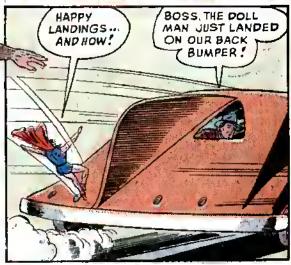












SO WHAT? HE CAN'T GET INSIDE THE CAR! NOT EVEN FIRE OR TEAR GAS COULD FIND A CRACK BIG ENOUGH TO GET AT US!







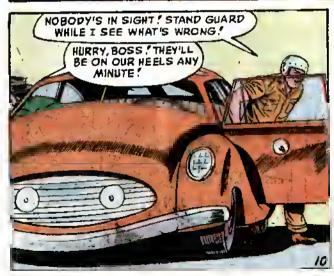
































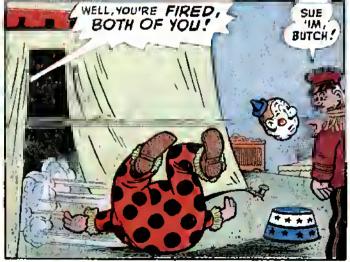


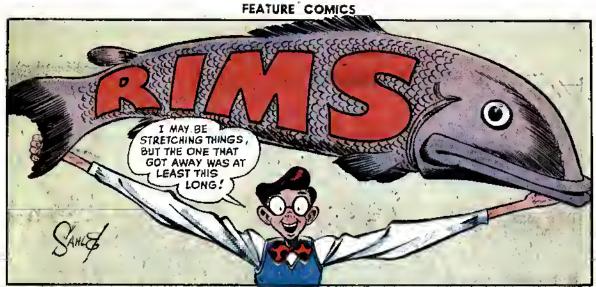










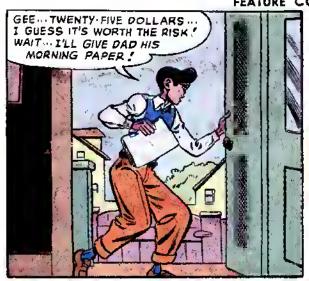






















































NOTICE MR. COLLINS, THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL AND ALSO AN ARDENT FISHERMAN, HAS CRDERED THE SCHOOL CLOSED TODAY TO ENABLE EVERYONE TO ENTER THE LARGEST BASS CONTEST EVER SPONSORED BY DOBSON'S SPORTS STORE."







ILA ILA

FEATURE COMICS PATOO 0 224























FEATURE COMICS PAILOOZA











































HAVEN'T YOU WAIT THINK **HEARO? YOUR** GET BOOY WAS FOUND AT THREE O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON. IDEA! RIOOLEO BY YOU SEE... GANGSTER S' BULLETS!

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY PHONEO ME ... HE SAID THAT SINCE I WAS THE EMIL TORRELLI'S MOB, I MIGHT BE IN DANGER! HE MADE ME PROMISE NOT TO LEAVE MY APARTMENT!



WITH ME OUT OF THE WAY, THE POLICE COULO SUBSTITUTE A COUBLE! SOMEONE WHO LOOKED ENOUGH LIKE ME SOA GOOD MAKE-UP MAN COULO COMPLETE THE RESEMBLANCE!

ANO TORRELLI GOT HIM! IS THAT 177



THE POOR GUY! HE OLEO IN THE LINE OF OUTY! BUT THOSE BULLETS WERE MEANT FOR ME! AND I'M GOING TO EVEN THE SCORE!

THE

ALL YOU GOTTA 00 IS SHOW UP IN COURT TO TESTIFY AGAINST TORRELLI'S HENCHMEN!





I'LL DO MORE THAN HE'S A SMOOTH THAT! BESIDES KNOCK-ARTICLE! YOU ING OFF MY DOUBLE, WON'T CATCH TORRELLI GAVE THE HIM STICKING ORDERS TO HAVE HIS NECK OUT! VALLETTA MURDERED! WHAT'S THE PLAN?

































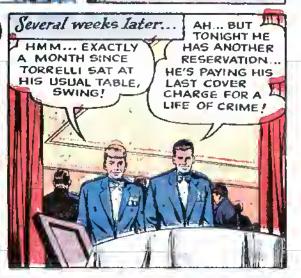


W-W-WHY DON'T THEY
C-C-COME BACK ?I'M ALL
ALONE H-HERE!
WHAT'S TAKING
THEM SO
L-LONG?
KEEP YOU
COMPANY,
MR.TORRELL!!

YOU!! DON'T COME
NEAR ME! STAY
AWAY, PLEASE!
YOU'RE YOU
KILLED
ME, MR.
TORRELL!!
REMEMBER?

I-I JUST GAVE THANKS, TORRELL!! THE ORDERS! I GUESS HARRY DIRK THAT WILL AND SAM JANEY 00! DID THE KILLING! I HAP NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! 1 D-DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU PERSONALLY! HONEST!





Hidden TALEN T

THE police officer leaned forward. "We're stumped, Dr. Roberts. We're positive Kincaid stole the Shah Emerald and is negotiating to sell it to a fence, but we can't get proof. We've searched him and his apartment and found nothing. We planted dictaphones and he always locates them and wrecks them. We thought perhaps you . . ."

Dr. Roberts, the eminent scientist, frowned. "You want some sort of secret weapon, a superear that would overhear Kincaid's talks, perhaps? I don't know anything that would ac-

complish that . . ."

"I do," Darrel Dane broke in quietly. "I have an idea for a gadget that might do the trick. If you'll leave it to me, I believe I can deliver

both the emerald and the crook."

Late that afternoon Darrel rang the bell of Marvin Kincaid's luxurious apartment. In a moment Kincaid answered the door himself, a dark, heavy-set figure who glared suspiciously, first at Darrel's overalls, then at the black kit in his hand. "What do you want?"

"Telephone man," Darrel said, starting ahead.
"There's a report of trouble on your line. I want

to check your telephone.".

Kincaid hesitated, then laughed shortly. "Come ahead—telephone man." He led Darrel to an ornate library, pointed out the telephone and left the room, chuckling to himself.

The moment Kincaid had vanished, Darrel quickly slipped a small black box from his kit and slid it under papers in a drawer of Kincaid's desk. Then he walked quickly out into the hall and slammed the front door.

Kincaid came running back. When he saw no signs of Darrel, he burst into sardonic laughter. "The silly fools," he choked. "Do they think I'm dumb enough to fall for a trick like that?"

He looked around the room, then began opening drawers in his desk. The third drawer revealed the black box. Still chuckling, Kincaid carried it to the kitchen and systematically smashed the box to a mass of wires and splinters with a hammer. Then, still laughing, he went to the phone and placed a call. "Mannix? The place is clear, now. Come over right away."

Ten minutes later a thin-faced man was admitted to the apartment. This Mannix, the jewel fence, glanced around nervously, "You're

sure the place ain't wired, Kincaid? If the cops are suspicious . . ."

"Forget it," Kincaid snorted, showing the tangled wreckage of the box. "They left this dictagraph but I found it. We're safe now. I hope you brought plenty of cash." Quickly unscrewing a knob of his desk drawer, he drew out a small, cotton-wrapped object from a secret recess. "Here's the Shah Emerald, Mannix. What's your price?"

The fence unrolled the cotton and studied the shimmering green jewel through an eye-glass. "It's the Shah, all right. I'm ready to make you a cash offer, Kincaid. But first I had to make sure you really had the genuine stone. This is it and no mistake."

"That's all I wanted to know, boys," said

a strange, small voice.

Papers crumpled in the waste basket beside Kincaid's desk suddenly burst upward and the next moment the tiny, dynamic figure of the Doll Man leaped from the basket to the desk. "Thanks for making my job easy, boys. I'm like Mannix, I had to be sure the Shah was really in your possession before I acted."

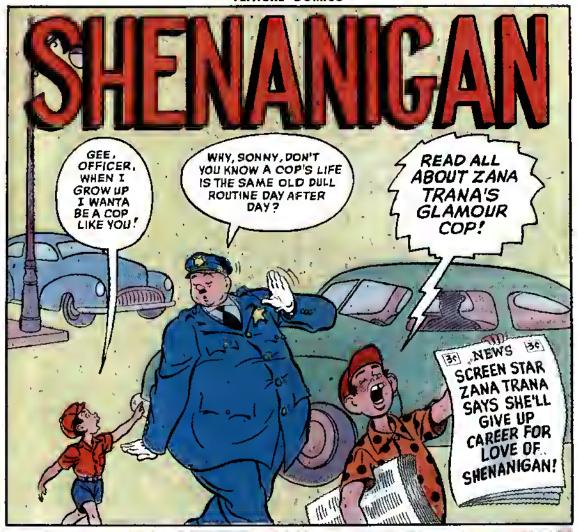
Mannix yelled in fright and tried to hurl the incriminating stone out the window but the Doll Man's mighty leap caught it in midair. Instantly he whirled and ran up Mannix's arm, his tiny but terrible fists exploding against the fence's jaw with a force that drove all thought of resistance from the thin figure.

"I'll kill you, Doll Man," Kincaid was bawling furiously as he clawed into a drawer of his

desk for a gun that lay there.

"Not with that hand," the Doll Man cried, and his catapulting figure slammed the drawer shut, trapping Kincaid's arm in a vise-like pinch. As the dark man yelled with pain, the Doll Man sprang straight up and his fists lashed out again. Kincaid sighed and went down, unconscious. The Doll Man smiled and lifted the telephone, giving the police number.

Things had worked out perfectly. Darrel Dane, hiding a dummy dictagraph, had only pretended to leave. With a tremendous effort of will he had changed his body to that of the Doll Man and hid in the waste basket. Kincaid, so certain he had seen through the clumsy trap, had made no further effort to search his office. It would be his last mistake for many years platform. As he looked out over the sea of



















































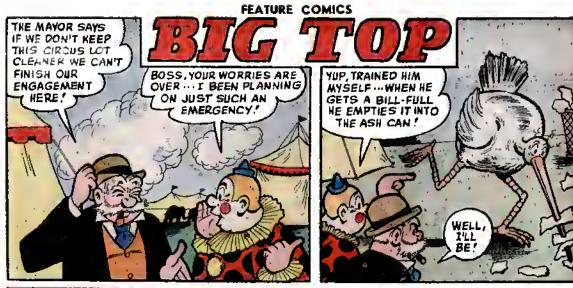
























"U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE



RUINING THE RANSOM PLAN



FOLLOWING AN URGENT POLICE FLASH, DEPUTY U.S ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY SIKE CLUB BOYS TRACK DANGER-OUT, AS THE BOYS STAND GUARD, U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF FOR RELP...







BUT U.S. ROYAL WORKS FASTER AND RETURNS WITH THE POLICE IN THE NICK OF TIME !

LETTING THE AIR OUT OF THEIR TIRES SURE WAS A GREAT IDEA, FELLAS!

IT OUGHTA BE!

WE GOT IT
OUT OF BINE
COMICS IN
"PICNIC PAY-OFF"
WHEN JIMMY
FULLER—

WHOA! DON'T SPOIL THE STORY... LET OUR READERS GET THEIR FREE COPIES FIRST! WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U. S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR
WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR SPEED PLUS
SAFETY... AND, SAY-WHEN YOU'SEE A
MAPPY HUDDLE LIKE THAT ONE, YOU CAN
BE JUST AS SURE THERE'S A COPY OF
BIKE COMICS AT
THE BOTTOM OF IT!



THE PROPERTY.



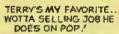
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IT'S FREE!



HEY, LOOK -- A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE... CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS, '



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNÜCKLE-HEAD -- HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT.







America's Fastest Selling Tires



ONLED STATES NORBEN COMPANY Serving Through Science

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW

